

Media Master

By Harold Cunningham

May 20, 2018

Media master,
media master minds,
media masters mind games played on mankind...

Metamorphosis lies into monsters,
fear into factor,
stereotyping me as young, black, and dangerous
with your breaking headlines spewing your lies time after time.

Attacks upon my black face,
attacks upon my black race,
giving the license to kill,
color code black,
the police shoot before they ask,
then flood our community with crack,
then lock us up, that's a fact,
Free labor upon blacks' back.

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I can be wrongfully shot,
beaten,
or murdered by the cops
and the news media won't waste a drop
of ink or speak to tell my story of pain and suffering.

I can be wrongfully convicted
and the news media won't even mention it;
no justice.

Instead, I'm portrayed as a menace to society;
tell me why do you continue to lie on me.

Media Master,
you are good at what you do,
misleading the American people like fools,
destroying my image by the minute,
by the hour,
dividing us overnight.

Black against white,
with your crazy like a Nazi Fox antics...

Media master,
portraying yourself as fair and balance with your Willie Lynch type
tactics,
trying to rewrite history,
but I will never forget what you did to me...

Media master,
your whips of lies have scarred me deep.
Like the scars upon my forefathers and mothers back from slavery:
diabolical acts...

Media master,
I now see your mission from your vicious acts trying to hold us back!

Media master,
media master minds,
media masters mind games played on mankind!
